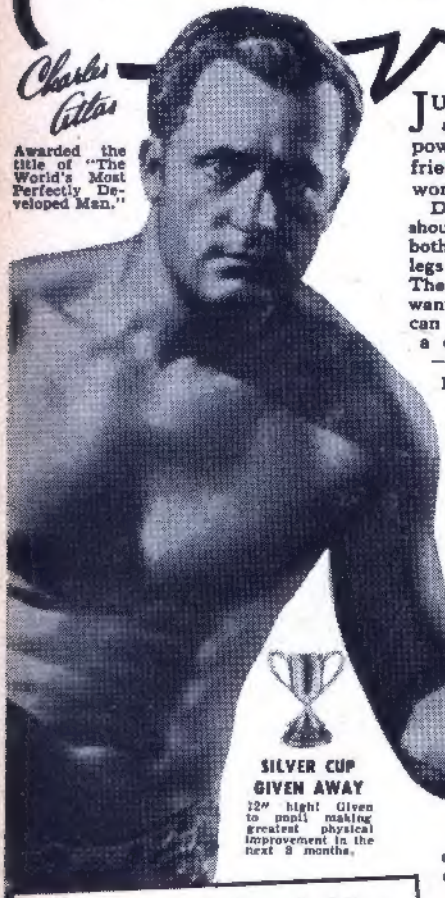
CDC
the BLUE BEETLE
№ 18
THE BLUE BEETLE
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
10¢
AMERICA'S FASTEST MOVING CRUSADER AGAINST CRIME!

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!


Charles Atlas
Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."
SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY
12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU
Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—*"Dynamic Tension"* will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325L, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Hevan, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 325L
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(*Check as many as you like*)
- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

THE BLUE BEETLE Volume 1, Number 18 February, 1955
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BLUE BEETLE
and the MASKS of MYSTERY
by OTTO
THE FACE OF THE MOON PRODUCES VARIED REACTIONS IN PEOPLE. SOME, IT DRIVES TO MADNESS -- OTHERS, LOVE -- OR SO THE POETS TELL US --- BLUE BEETLE, IN REALITY DAN GARRET, ROOKIE POLICEMAN, IS CAST INTO HIS WEIRDEST ADVENTURE, IN HIS HUNT FOR THE MACABRE MR. MOONFACE!
BLUE BEETLE! HELP!
UGH!
I'M ON MY WAY! JOAN --- AND NO GRINNING MOONFACE CAN STOP ME!

THERE'S MR. LUNAR! THEY'VE RELEASED HIM! I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW HIM!
THE OLD BOY CERTAINLY KICKED OVER PLENTY--- BEFORE HE WAS CAUGHT AND SENTENCED!
WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW, MR. LUNAR, WILL YOU---
I'VE SERVED MY FULL SENTENCE. I DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS!
WE THOUGHT--IF YOU NEEDED HELP--WE WOULD---
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
HE'S JUST SOUR ON THE WORLD AFTER BEING IN PRISON! HE'LL BE ALL-RIGHT!
PERHAPS--
ENROUTE TO THE CITY---
THIS FLAT'S DELAYED US FOR HOURS!
THAT JUST STARTED THE TROUBLE! YOUR WHOLE CAR FELL APART--PRACTICALLY.
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, LET'S GO!
I CAN'T HELP THINKING OF MR LUNAR'S THREAT AGAINST JUDGE SMITH, JACKSON, THE D.A., AND MRS. TRUE, THE STATE'S WITNESS AGAINST HIM.

JUDGE SMITH LEFT HOURS AGO, WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND MRS. TRUE. THEY SPONSOR THE ANNUAL CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL
SORRY WE BOTHERED YOU.
THAT SETTLES IT. I GUESS WE'RE BEING TOO IMAGINATIVE, THAT'S ALL!
MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO OUR POSTS. WE'RE ON DUTY IN AN HOUR AND---
SUDDENLY---
QUICK! LOOK THERE! COMING TOWARD US!
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A---?
OUT OF MY WAY! I AM THE KING OF SPEED! WATCH MY SMOKE!
HELP!
HE'S MAD!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MANIAC!
BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEONE!
ONLY BLUE BEETLE CAN SAVE THIS SITUATION! I'LL HIDE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CAR WHERE JOAN AND MIKE CAN'T SEE ME CHANGE!

DROPPING TO THE FLOOR---
NOW TO MAKE THE SPEEDIEST CHANGE IN LESS SPACE THAN I'VE EVER HAD TO DO BEFORE!
WHEW! I WOULDN'T LIKE TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT LAUGH!
THAT HORRIBLE FACE! IT'S NOT A FACE AT ALL! IT'S A MASK!
IT'S BLUE BEETLE!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
HA, HA--NOW I'M CRYING!
I COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THE CAR FROM CRASHING INTO THEM---I HAD TO TAKE THIS CHANCE!
GOSH! WHAT A CLOSE CALL THIS IS!

MADE IT! NO ONE HURT!
WHEE! HURRAH FOR BLUE BEETLE!
OH!
ALL RIGHT YOU--OUT! YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO--- WITHOUT YOUR MASK!
WHAT? MASK? I--UH--
IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER! I MET A LITTLE MAN WITH A ROUND FACE, LIKE A MOON HE MADE ME LAUGH! THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER! THE NEXT THING YOU PULLED ME OUT OF THE CAR!
THAT'S STRANGE! WHAT ABOUT THE MASK?
THE MASK! IT DISAPPEARED! ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE A FEW ASHES!
A GUST OF WIND ARISES AND---
THERE GO THE ASHES NOW! -----NOTHING LEFT BUT A FAINT ODOR LIKE SOMETHING BITTER--VANISHING TOO!
THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER HERE THAT MUST BE CLEARED UP, MIKE! YOU'D BETTER SEE THAT THIS MAN GETS MEDICAL ATTENTION! HE MIGHT REMEMBER SOMETHING HELPFUL---I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

DON'T LEAVE! MY EDITOR WILL FIRE ME IF I DON'T GIVE HIM SCOOPS ABOUT YOUR EXPLOITS!
ALL RIGHT! COME ALONG!
TOO BAD THE MASK FELL APART!
IT'S THE ONE CLUE THAT MIGHT HAVE CLEARED THIS MYSTERY!
LOOK! MORE OF THEM! MADMEN IN MASKS!
I'LL STOP THEM BEFORE THEY CAUSE A RIOT!
THE CITY IS OURS!
DESTROY ANYONE IN OUR PATH!
WE ARE MASTERS OF THE SUN AND MOON!
HELP! YOU DROPPED ME!
THIS WOULD HAPPEN NOW-- AS IF I HAVEN'T ENOUGH TROUBLE!
LOOK WHAT'S DROPPING FROM THE SKY FOR US!
ANOTHER SECOND AND I'D HAVE BEEN--
BUT YOU'RE SAFE NOW--SO RELAX! I'LL PUT YOU DOWN AND DEAL WITH THIS PROBLEM!

YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO OLD TO BE PLAYING COWBOYS AND INDIANS! SO I'LL END THIS GAME NOW!
UGH!
YOU LOOK QUITE DIFFERENT WITH YOUR MASKS OFF!
OOMP!
I--I DON'T REMEMBER HOW WE GOT HERE--- SEEMS THERE'S A MOONFACED LITTLE MAN SOMEWHERE!
YOUR STORY'S FAMILIAR--I BELIEVE YOU!
LOOK! THE MASKS! GONE!
OUR CLUE DISINTEGRATING AGAIN! --THAT BITTER ODOR!
THERE YOU ARE! THIS IS ALL I COULD FIND ON THE OLD FELLOW-- A TICKET TO CARNIVAL PARK!
CARNIVAL PARK--WHY---
SEE! WE TOO HAVE TICKETS TO CARNIVAL PARK!
WHY---THAT'S WHERE JUDGE SMITH, THE D.A AND MRS. TRUE HAVE GONE!--ON THEIR ANNUAL CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL!

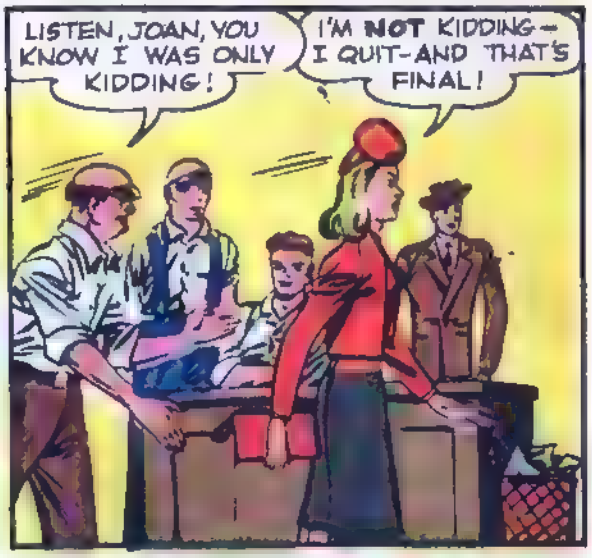
GLAD YOU'RE ON THE JOB BLUE BEETLE! WE'VE HAD OUR HANDS FULL WITH THESE PEOPLE RUNNING WILD IN MASKS ALL OVER THE CITY! WE'RE GOING TO ANOTHER CALL NOW!
POLICE
POLICE
12 PCT
THE JIGSAW PUZZLE IS STRAIGHTENING OUT. THESE PEOPLE MUST BE DECOYS TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY FROM WHERE THE REAL THING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! I'VE A HUNCH IT'S IN CARNIVAL PARK!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
DO YA THINK YA CAN LEAP TO THE PARK IN ONE JUMP? IT'S THE OTHER END OF TOWN, YA KNOW!
JUST HOLD ON! AND CLOSE YOUR MOUTH--YOU'RE SLOWING US DOWN!
PEOPLE RUNNIN' WILD! MASKS DISAPPEARIN' WE'D BETTER CLEAR THIS MUDDLE PRETTY QUICK!
WE'RE ON THE TRACK--
CARNIVAL PARK!
WHERE DEATH IS IN A MERRY MOOD!
CARNIVAL PARK--
WHILE THE POLICE ARE BUSY CHASING MY DECOYS, MADDENED BY THE CHEMICAL IN THE MASKS, I, MR. LUNAR AM READY TO RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON THE PEOPLE I HATE-- HA, HA!
IN THE CASHIER'S CAGE OF THE FAMOUS "LAST THRILL" RIDE, MR. LUNAR PLOTS HIS ENEMIES' DOOM!

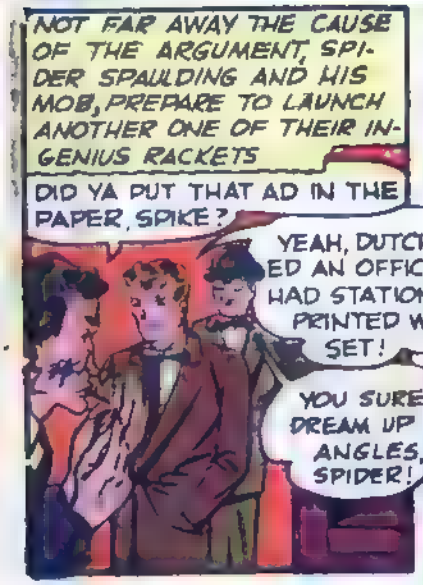
NOW COMES MY PREY I'LL SLIP OUT BEFORE THEY SEE ME! MY ASSISTANT WILL SELL THEM THEIR TICKETS--- TO DEATH!
PLEASE--WE WANT TO GO ON THE RIDE!
THIS IS YOUR DAY! ANYTHING YOU WANT!
THEY'RE HERE, BOSS!
GET THEM SEATED SO THEY DON'T SEE ME BEFORE WE'RE ON OUR WAY-- AND IT'S TOO LATE!
BOY! WHAT A DROP!
A DROP THAT WILL END IN DEATH! HA, HA!
MR. LUNAR!
YOUR LAST THRILL, HA! THIS ROLLER COASTER WILL SEND YOU CRASHING TO YOUR DOOM!
WHAT I FEARED HAS ALREADY HAPPENED! LOOK BELOW!
HOW CAN YOU DO ANY-THING WITH US TO HINDER YOU?
HELP!
HELP!

THERE! FRONT SEATS TO THIS SHOW!
GET UNDER THIS COASTER BEFORE IT HITS THE GROUND OR THIS IS THE LAST RIDE FOR ALL OF US!
WE'RE SAVED! THANKS TO BLUE BEETLE!
NOW, MY CALLING CARD TO MR. LUNAR!
THE SIGN OF BLUE BEETLE! AH-- I'M FALLING! HELP!
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
HELP! I'M FINISHED!
NOT BEFORE THE LAW DEALS WITH YOU!
THERE'S DOGFACE, LUNAR'S ACCOMPLICE! GRAB HIM, MIKE! AND TAKE THE MASKS! CAREFUL OR THEY'LL REACT ON YOU AS THEY DID ON THE OTHERS!
LATER-- GOODBYE, BLUE BEETLE!
YOU DESERVE A REST AFTER THIS CASE!
THANKS--- I'LL TAKE IT-- BUT IN MY OWN WAY!
17 PREC INCT
CHANGING BACK INTO DAN GARRET--
TOO BAD YOU GOT MIXED UP CHASING LUNAR'S DECOYS YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH US AND BLUE BEETLE!
I WAS--- IN SPIRIT!

JOAN MASON
REPORTER
BY ART ALLEN
JOAN MASON, STAR REPORTER OF THE DAILY PLANET, GETS AN ASSIGNMENT TOO TOUGH EVEN FOR HER, AND FINALLY QUITS HER JOB IN DISGUST ONLY TO FIND FIND FATE SUDDENLY PROVIDING THE LEAD AND GUIDING HER STRAIGHT IN-TO "THE SPIDER'S PARLOR"
YOU'VE BEEN ON THIS CASE MORE THAN A WEEK, JOAN, AND WE'RE STILL NOWHERE! THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR WAITING TO BE CRACKED WIDE OPEN AND WHAT DO YOU DO? NOTHING!
OH, NOW YOU WANT A MIRACLE WORKER!
EVERY COP IN THE STATE HAS BEEN AFTER SPIDER SPAULDING AND HIS MOB FOR OVER A YEAR...AND YOU RAISE CAIN BECAUSE I HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP TO HIM IN 7 DAYS!
DON'T USE POLICE INCOMPETENCE AS AN EXCUSE FOR YOUR OWN!

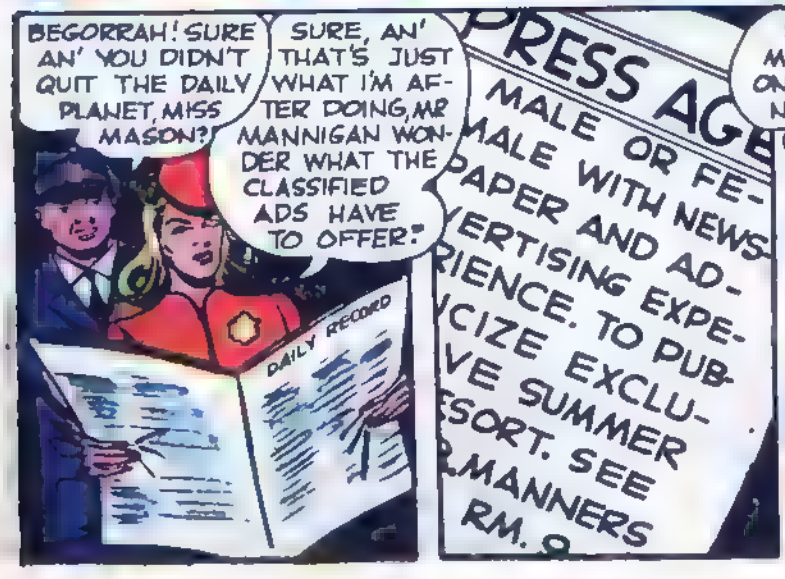
THAT DOES IT! MAC PHERSON. I QUIT!
QUIT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!


LISTEN, JOAN, YOU KNOW I WAS ONLY KIDDING!
I'M NOT KIDDING— I QUIT-AND THAT'S FINAL!


NOT FAR AWAY THE CAUSE OF THE ARGUMENT, SPIDER SPAULDING AND HIS MOB, PREPARE TO LAUNCH ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR INGENIUS RACKETS
DID YA PUT THAT AD IN THE PAPER, SPIKE?
YEAH, DUTCH RENTED AN OFFICE AND HAD STATIONERY PRINTED WE'RE SET!
YOU SURE DREAM UP ANGLES, SPIDER!

I NEVER PULL THE SAME JOB TWICE! EVERY TIME A DIFFERENT ANGLE! KEEPS THE COPS FROM GETTIN' A LINE ON US. SEE?

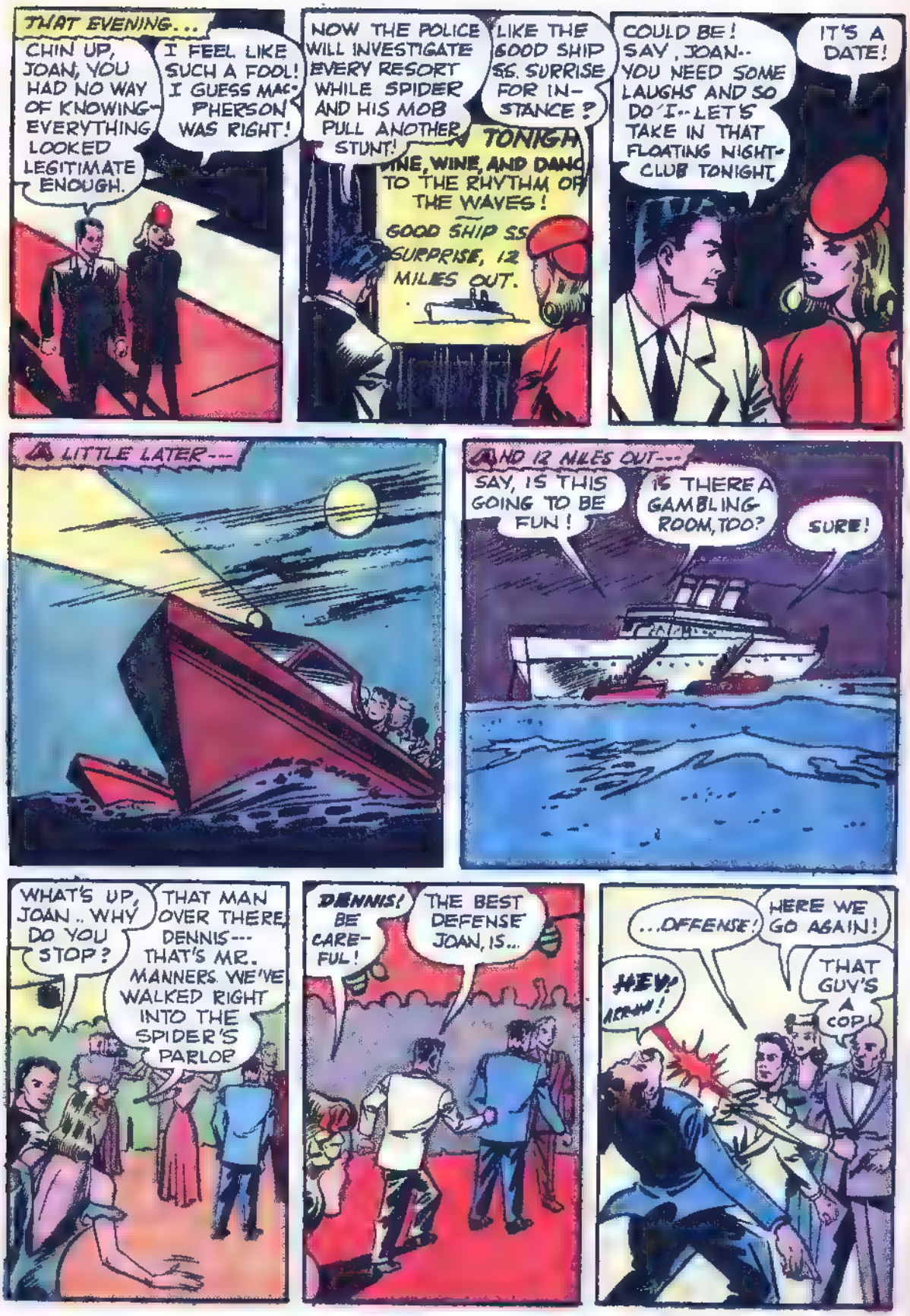
AND OUTSIDE THE DAILY PLANET
SURE, AN' ME EYES MUST BE PLAYIN' TRICKS! IS THAT THE COMPETITION'S PAPER YOU'RE BUYIN'?
OH, HELLO, MIKE--DIDN'T NOTICE YOU. YES, I'M BUYING A RIVAL NEWSPAPER TO LOOK FOR A JOB.


BEGORRAH! SURE AN' YOU DIDN'T QUIT THE DAILY PLANET, MISS MASON?
SURE, AN' THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M AFTER DOING, MR MANNIGAN WONDER WHAT THE CLASSIFIED ADS HAVE TO OFFER.
DAILY RECORD
PRESS AGE
MALE OR FE-
MALE WITH NEWS
APER AND AD-
ERTISING EXPE-
RIENCE. TO PUB-
ICIZE EXCLU-
VE SUMMER
ESORT. SEE
MANNERS
RM. 9

SEE YOU LATER, MIKE---FROM NOW ON I'M A PRESS AGENT! NO MORE REPORTING FOR ME.
SURE, AN' I CAN'T HELP THINKIN' YOU'RE MAKIN' A BIG MISTAKE, MISS MASON!

A FEW MINUTES LATER---
MR MANNER? MY NAME IS JOAN MASON. I'M RESPONDING TO YOUR AD FOR A PRESS AGENT.
AH, SIT DOWN, MISS MASON- SAY, YOU'RE NOT THE JOAN MASON ? THE REPORTER?
NOT ANY MORE- I QUIT MY JOB AT THE PLANET
THIS CERTAINLY IS A BREAK FOR US YOU DON'T NEED AN INTERVIEW YOU'RE HIRED.
HERE ARE SOME PHOTOS OF LIMPID LAKE RESORT IN VERMONT. JUST COMPLETED. WE WISH TO GET PUBLICITY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE- THE VACATION SEASON HAS STARTED, AND WE SHOULD ATTRACT AS MANY CUSTOMERS AS WE CAN.
TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T START SOONER
BUT SINCE WHEN DOES SPANISH MOSS GROW AS FAR NORTH AS VERMONT?
OH, WELL, ER- YOU SEE- WE HAD SOME SHIPPED UP FROM THE SOUTH TO HANG ON THE TREES-- MORE PICTURESQUE, YOU KNOW.
GOOD IDEA. WELL MR. MANNER, SUPPOSE I WORK ON THIS IMMEDIATELY, SO WE CAN GET AN AD IN TOMORROW'S PAPER.
THE FOLLOWING MORNING
NOW FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT SPEND YOUR VACATION AT LOVELY LIMPID LAKE NATIONS MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT
Fishing . Swimming . Tennis etc: OUR LUXURIOUS HOTEL OFFE
JOAN MASON'S WORK BRINGS QUICK RESULTS
I HOPE THIS RESORT IS ALL THE ADS SAY IT IS
AT FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY, IT HAD BETTER BE !
LIMPID LAKE SPECIAL

...AND THREE BUS LOADS OF VACATIONISTS START OFF FOR THE VERMONT RESORT...
...OR DO THEY???
HEY! WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WHAT ARE WE STOPPING HERE FOR?
IS THIS THE RESORT?
SURE, WE RESORTED TO THIS TO COLLECT YOU SUCKERS FOR A SHAKEDOWN! EVERYBODY OUT!
I SEE IT ALL NOW! THERE'S NO LIMPID LAKE! THIS WHOLE THING WAS A SCHEME TO ROB US!
TO US, LADY, IT'S A PLEASURE!
YOU CATCH ON QUICK, MISTER.
OUTRAGEOUS!
WHAT A HAUL! OVER TWO THOUSAND BUCKS IN CASH!
AND MORE IN JEWELRY! SPIDER IS ONE SHARP GUY!
YOU HOODLUMS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
A FEW HOURS LATER....
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SISTER. WHERE'S THAT MANNERS GUY?
HE HASN'T COME IN YET.
I'M UNDER ARREST! WHAT FOR?
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORKIN' BLIND...THAT YOU'RE NOT IN WITH MR. SPIDER SPAULDING AND COMPANY!
THAT'S EXACTLY CORRECT. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
I KNOW JOAN MASON AND I CAN VOUCH FOR HER HONESTY.
YOU MEAN THIS IS JOAN MASON THE GIRL REPORTER?
DENNIS! WHEW! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!


THAT EVENING...
CHIN UP, JOAN; YOU HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING- EVERYTHING LOOKED LEGITIMATE ENOUGH.
I FEEL LIKE SUCH A FOOL! I GUESS MACPHERSON WAS RIGHT!
NOW THE POLICE WILL INVESTIGATE EVERY RESORT WHILE SPIDER AND HIS MOB PULL ANOTHER STUNT!
LIKE THE GOOD SHIP SS. SURRISE FOR INSTANCE?
TONIGHT
WINE, WINE, AND DANC TO THE RHYTHM OF THE WAVES!
GOOD SHIP SS SURPRISE, 12 MILES OUT.
COULD BE! SAY, JOAN-- YOU NEED SOME LAUGHS AND SO DO I--LET'S TAKE IN THAT FLOATING NIGHT-CLUB TONIGHT.
IT'S A DATE!
A LITTLE LATER---
AND 12 MILES OUT---
SAY, IS THIS GOING TO BE FUN!
IS THERE A GAMBLING ROOM, TOO?
SURE!
WHAT'S UP, JOAN.. WHY DO YOU STOP?
THAT MAN OVER THERE, DENNIS--- THAT'S MR. MANNERS. WE'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE SPIDER'S PARLOR
DENNIS! BE CAREFUL!
THE BEST DEFENSE JOAN, IS...
...OFFENSE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
HEY! AGAIN!
THAT GUY'S A COP!

REACH UP FLAT-FOOT, OR I'LL PLUG YA FULL OF LEAD!
OH, NO YOU DON'T, SISTER!
AWRIGHT, EVERYBODY! THIS IS A STICK-UP! JUST DON'T TRY NOTHIN' AN' NOBODY GITS HURT!
YOU'VE SPUN YOUR LAST WEB, SPIDER!
HEY!
EITHER YOU TELL YOUR MEN TO DROP THEIR GUNS, SPIDER, OR I'LL CRACK YOUR NECK!
AAAGGH LET GO-YA #$@* COP!!
LAY OFF, SPIDER, OR I'LL BLAST YER SWEETIE'S BRAINS OUT!
SPIDER SPAULDING ALWAYS WINS COPPER!
YOU WIN!
SUDDENLY, FROM EVERY DIRECTION
YOU CALLED THE SHOT WRONG THAT TIME, SPIDER
WHAT A HAUL! SPIDER SPAULDING AND HIS WHOLE MOB!
YOU TIPPED OFF THE HARBOR PATROL. HOW DID YOU KNOW?
DIDN'T... BUT YOU SAID THE S.S. SURPRISE COULD BE A SPIDER RACKET SO I PHONED THE HARBOR POLICE TO CHECK-AND HERE THEY ARE
THAT SAME NIGHT...
YOU DON'T DESERVE IT, MACPHERSON, BUT HERE'S THE SCOOP YOU WANTED. STOP THE PRESSES AND GET ME A REWRITE MAN!
JOAN YOU'VE COME BACK!
...AND SO SPIDER SPAULDING AND HIS MOB ENDED THEIR CAREER OF CRIME TONIGHT TWELVE MILES OUT AT SEA WHERE...
I'LL GIVE YOU A RAISE! A BONUS! FOUR WEEKS VACATION WITH PAY---
MACPHERSON, YOU SHOULD KNOW JOAN MASON CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THIS OFFICE--

"CENTER CITY sure is growing up," Sam Bevins observed.

"How do you mean?" District Attorney Tim Fogarty asked.

"Well," the ace investigator of the D. A.'s office replied, "I never heard of a gambling syndicate in a one-horse town."

"You think there's a syndicate here?" Fogarty asked.

"I'm sure of it. For one thing, there's ex-assemblyman Thorne Hollister. He appears in court for all the gamblers."

"That's natural," Fogarty objected. "Hollister has quite a reputation for getting acquittals in gambling indictments. It's natural when a gambler's in trouble to retain Hollister."

"It's natural that a big shot like Tony Wayne should retain Hollister," Sam reasoned. "But take a little numbers runner like Carl Wister—where does he get off paying one of Hollister's fees?"

"I've been getting little tips from lots of places," Sam continued. "Nothing definite; you know, but a hint here and there."

"What do you suggest?" asked Fogarty.

"Keep doing just what we're doing," Sam said. "If we hit them hard enough, we're bound to make it unprofitable for them."

"How about raiding the Golden Cat next?" Fogarty suggested.

"That's Sime Lovett's outfit," Sam mused. "High class stuff Not until Friday."

"That's four days," figured Fogarty. "Any special reason?"

"A good one," Sam promised. "Sime's no sucker. He'll get tipped off. We want a conviction, don't we?"

"Right!" agreed Fogarty.

"Leave it to me," Sam got up. "When you walk into court, you'll pull a fast one on Hollister."

The D. A. smiled fondly upon his young investigator.

They raided the Golden Cat on Friday. As Sam had anticipated, the police burst into a room full of gambling equipment, but not a soul was there. Nevertheless, the police pulled in Sime Lovett for gambling.

Fogarty had just started to question Sime, when Thorne Hollister appeared. The lawyer was tall, grey, distinguished He moved with the confidence of long experience. Disdainfully, he questioned the charges against his client, Sime Lovett.

"Gambling, and running a gambling establishment," Fogarty told the older lawyer.

"I assume you caught Mr. Lovett in the act of gambling?" Hollister asked softly, as softly as when he was laying a trap for a witness.

"I think the proper place to try a case is in the courtroom," Fogarty did not fall into the trap. "Now, if you want to arrange bail—"

"Just thought I'd prevent you from making a mistake," Hollister observed airily. "If I remember correctly, the law requires proof of ownership or control in cases of running a gambling establishment—"

"Isn't Sime, here, the owner of the Golden Cat?" Fogarty demanded.

Hollister pulled a folded document from his inner jacket pocket. He let it drop open before Fogarty's eyes.

"I have here the original bill of sale, whereby one Sime Lovett, party of the first part, sells to Ricco Martini, party of the second part—"

"Let me see," Fogarty snatched the paper from the lawyer's hand He looked through it, handed it back.

"We're still holding Lovett," he told Hollister.

If Hollister was puzzled, not a muscle in his face showed it Quietly, he arranged for bail, leaving with his client in tow.

Fogarty waited for them to leave, then waved out the arresting police officers. Alone with Sam Bevins, he demanded, "Did you figure on that one?"

"No," admitted Sam, "but I was playing safe. When I asked you to hold off the raid, I wanted a chance to plant a friend of mine with a camera. He's a whizz. Got candids of Sime himself paying out money—red-handed—a complete case."

"Fine!" exulted the D. A. "We'll only make one change. If Ricco Martini is owner, we'll add him to the indictment."

Sam nodded. "He's only a stooge for Sime," he admitted, "but we want 'em all. After a while, the small fry may get the idea that it's dangerous, stooging for the big boys."

"I'm just waiting to see Hollister's face, when I show those pictures as evidence," laughed Fogarty.

Hollister reacted even more favorably than Fogarty had expected. He put up his usual brilliant fight to have the pictures declared incompetent as evidence, but after the judge ruled to accept them, Hollister relapsed into a strange silence.

Both Sime Lovett and Ricco Martini were found guilty. Hollister took his objections quietly, then turned to Fogarty. "I'm glad," he told the D. A., "that I never pulled the one about forgetting more law than you ever knew. You sure pulled a smart one this afternoon."

"Thanks," Fogarty was wary of Hollister's praise.

"How about a drink, on me?" Hollister proposed.

"Thanks—but—"

"The office, then?" Hollister pressed. "I'd like to speak to you—privately."

"Any time you drop in," Fogarty told him.

Hollister walked in the next morning. Sam Bevins had to cool his heels impatiently while Fogarty held audience with the lawyer. But he saw Hollister leave, at last, and rushed into the D. A.'s room.

"Bet I know what he told you," Sam told the D. A. "How much did he offer you?"

"How in the world—?" Fogarty demanded.

"It's a cinch, Fogarty, if they can't beat you in court, they try to buy you Right?"

"You're right about the bribe. That's why Hollister wanted to speak to me alone. No witnesses."

"What did he offer?" demanded Sam.

"Twenty-five thousand," Fogarty told him. "Why?"

"I want to know how much they're worried about you," Sam explained. "Twenty-five G's shows plenty of worry—and—"

"Yes?" prompted Fogarty.

"Knowing you won't touch it," Sam spoke slowly, "it spells—*trouble*."

"Sam," Fogarty smiled, "when I took this job, I expected trouble. Who's next?"

Sam grinned back. The investigator had turned down better jobs, for one reason only. They didn't come any squarer than Fogarty. But they were headed for trouble. Sam resolved to keep both eyes open.

Two more gamblers were indicted and convicted. Sam should have been feeling fine, as he did when things went right. But he knew there was something in the wind. Gambling was too profitable to give up without a struggle, especially with a syndicate.

Trouble came from such an unexpected quarter that Sam was caught flatfooted. He received a call to come to Fogarty's office, and rushed up. One look at the young D. A. and Sam's heart sank. Fogarty was white—trembling. For the first time since Sam knew him he saw fear in Fogarty's eyes.

"Sam," Fogarty gasped, they've got Adele!" The D. A. swallowed deeply and coughed. He looked up at his investigator. "It was a man's voice on the phone. They want twenty-five thousand dollars to release her."

Adele was the young wife of the D A. Sam knew how much Fogarty loved her.

"Twenty-five thousand," he mused. "That's what Hollister offered you to sell out."

"Yes."

"You could get the money from Hollister—get Adele back."

"I know," Fogarty looked at Sam. But Sam knew without speaking that Fogarty would never sell out.

Sam glanced at his watch. It was barely ten A.M.

"When did you get the call?" Sam asked.

"Half-hour ago," Fogarty guessed.

"Where would Adele have been at 9:30 in the morning?"

"Home, most likely. I don't know."

"Don't worry," Sam assured his friend. "Leave it to me, will you?"

Sam left before Fogarty could ask any questions. Sam was sure he'd take care of everything, but how he would start, he had no idea.

Grabbing a cab to the apartment house where the Fogartys had a suite on the eighth floor, he let himself in with the D. A.'s key. Everything was in order. The bed was unmade, and the breakfast dishes were in the sink. Nothing odd there.

On the way out, Sam beckoned to the uniformed doorman.

"This elevator is always self-service, isn't it?" he asked.

"Sure," the starter told him. "Did it stick?"

"No Now, did you see Mrs. Fogarty go out this morning?"

The starter looked at Sam with suspicion, and the investigator flashed his badge. The doorman shook his head.

"Haven't seen her today. Isn't she upstairs?"

Sam's questions were answered with clarity. The doorman was at his post since eight o'clock; he knew Mrs. Fogarty very well; she had not come out. Yes, he admitted, there was another exit. The service elevator which ran into the cellar. The porter, Frank, ran it when he got a signal.

Sam headed for the cellar. Frank, a skinny youth, looked with surprise at Sam's shield.

"I—I didn't do nothin'—" he started.

"Take it easy," Sam assured him. "All I want to know is—Did you take Mrs. Fogarty down this morning?"

Frank shook his head. Sam tried again.

"Did you take down any large packages from the eighth floor? Maybe a laundry basket—a trunk—anything big?"

"No sir," Frank denied. "Not from the whole building. Last time I took something big on the elevator, was when Mr. Jones moved into the house. Then I took it in—not out. The furniture, I mean, and that was last week. Mr Jones is a nice tenant—tips me regular."

Sam took the hint. His hand came out of his pocket with folded bill. Frank grinned.

"One more thing," Sam asked. "Did you leave the cellar this morning?"

"Sure," Frank admitted cheerfully. "On errands."

There was a ring on the service elevator. Frank started to get into the car.

"Sorry, but that must be Mr. Jones, the new tenant on the seventh. Sends me out for things, and tips me swell. Sent me for sleeping pills last night—and I got a buck."

The elevator door clanged shut, as Frank rose to earn another tip. Sam walked up the stairs to the lobby, then whirled in sudden thought. He ran for the elevator and pressed the button for the eighth floor. Slipping into the D. A.'s apartment, he tiptoed stealthily to the bedroom window. Opening it, he slid onto the fire escape.

He catfooted down to the seventh, and slipped over to the window The shade was down, and it was locked. Sam worked the blade of his knife—the window eased up.

As he moved the windowshade aside, a beam of sunlight fell on the sleeping face of Adele Fogarty. Sam got into the room. Adele was breathing easily, but deeply—evidently drugged.

Sam's jumpy nerves felt, rather than heard, the noise in the doorway. He whirled, dropping as he did so. The bullet took off his hat, but Sam felt no pain as the gun blasted. Before the little man in the doorway could shoot again, Sam fired. The little man went down

* * *

Later, Sam told Fogarty, who was sitting near the bed, holding Adele's hand:

"I felt sure the doorman and Frank were telling me the truth. Neither had seen Adele come out. Then Frank tells me about this new tenant on the seventh floor. I didn't connect it up at first, but when he told about getting sleeping pills for him, something clicked. Why should the man send Frank on small errands, unless he was building up for the time, when he would have to stay in—maybe, watching somebody."

"It seemed crazy at first. But then, what was sane about a kidnapping at 9:30 in the morning? If nobody had seen Adele going out, why couldn't she still be in the place?

"Another thing—I'd been grousing about the tips on when we were raiding gambling joints. I figured some cops slipped out the information. But, suppose that your own house were wired for a dictaphone? More reasonable than thinking the cops were crooked. If so—the seventh floor again. Right under your own apartment. So—I took a chance."

"And what results!" the D. A. exulted. "Aside from getting you back, dear," he smiled at Adele, "Sam found a little black book on Jones, which tied up the whole affair. Hollister was not only the lawyer for the syndicate—he *was* the syndicate."

BLUE BEETLE
IN "THE MAN WHO STOLE 24 HOURS!"---
M OTIS
JULY 27
COME WITH BLUE BEETLE--- IN REALITY, DAN GARRET, ROOKIE POLICEMAN, ON HIS MOST UNUSUAL ADVENTURE IN WHICH THE ENTIRE WORLD TURNS TOPSY-TURVY IN A MAD TALE OF TOMORROW--- WHICH HAPPENS TODAY--- BECAUSE OF THE MAN WHO STOLE 24 HOURS!

SAY, MISS MASON-- DON'T YOU EVER GET ANY INTERESTIN' STORIES TO COVER BESIDES THIS TIME-MACHINE BUNK?
MY ORDERS, MIKE!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL WITH PROF. ZEZO!
PROF. ZEZO AND HIS TIME MACHINE --
NOW A NICE JUICY MURDER I CAN UNDERSTAND-- BUT--
SHH! THE PROFESSOR'S BEGINNING!
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT STARTLING CHANGES IN YOUR LIVES MY TIME MACHINE CAN MAKE? IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I LOST CONTROL OVER MY INVENTION!
WITHOUT MY CONTROL THE TIME MACHINE WOULD CREATE CHAOS!--MAKING TODAY, YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW, TODAY!
HE'S GETTING CLEARER EVERY SECOND--LIKE MUD!
I'LL ADVANCE THE CONTROL ONLY A FEW SECONDS--BECAUSE ANY GREAT CHANGE MIGHT UPSET--
HELP! THE TIME-MACHINE'S GONE WILD! ADVANCED 24 HOURS!
PF-FT-- BANG!

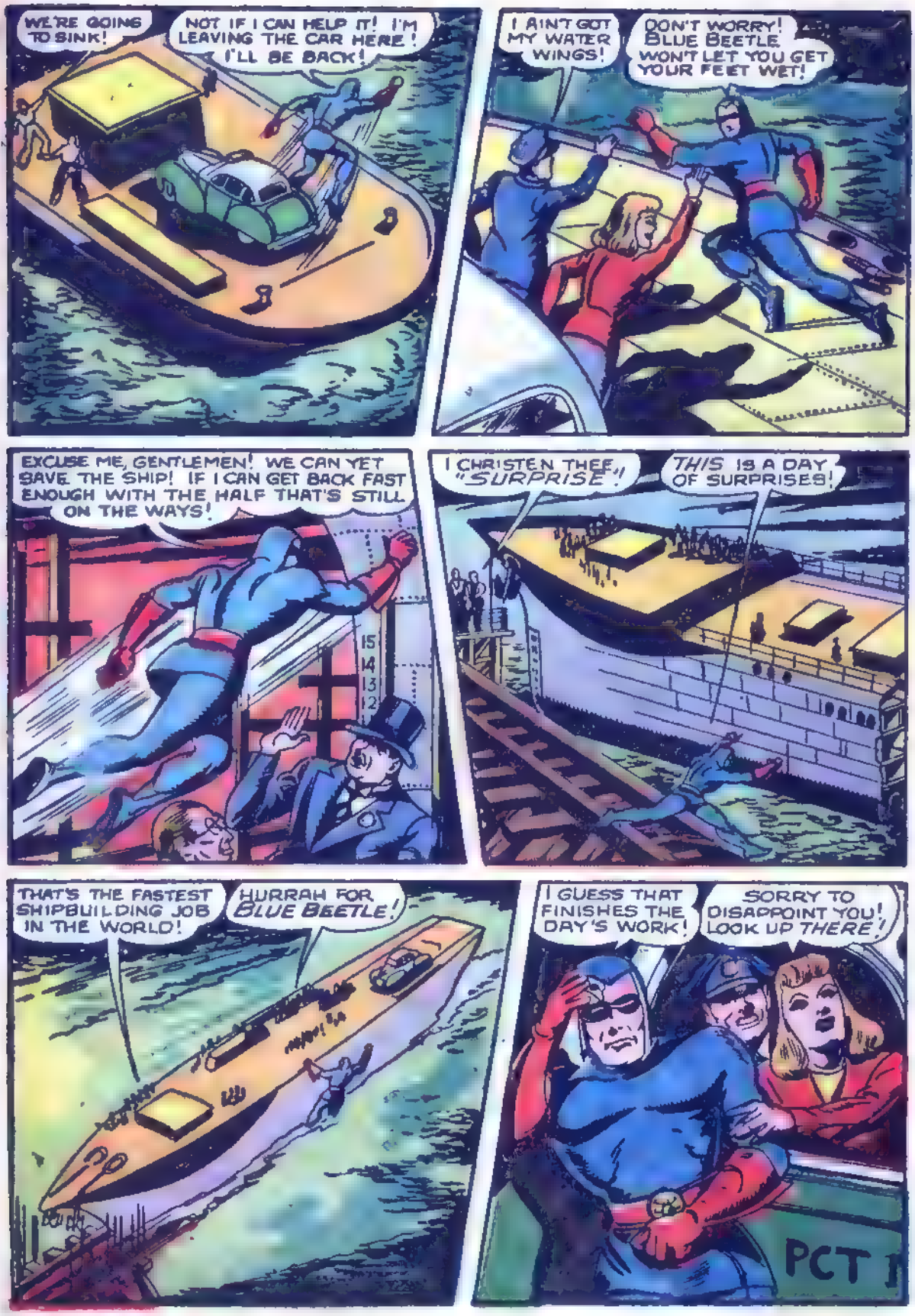
WHAT A SHOWMAN! HE EXPECTS US TO BELIEVE THAT!
MIKE! JOAN! GONE! AND I'VE BECOME BLUE BEETLE! WHAT AM I DOING WITH THIS PIANO?
GET BLUE BEETLE, YOU FOOLS!
DON'T LET 'IM GET OUTTA HERE ALIVE! PLAY THE GUNS ON 'IM!
HOW'S THIS TUNE?
OFFICE
HELP!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE MIKE! I'LL DROP MY CALLING CARD AS I GO IN!
UGH!
THE SIGN OF BLUE BEETLE!
WHISHT! I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR!
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z
KNOCK 'IM OFF!
I FORGOT TO KNOCK!

HOW'D YOU GET INTO THIS SPOT, MIKE?
YOU GOT ME! ALL I KNOW IS I WOKE UP IN THIS PIANO FACTORY--WITH THOSE GANGSTERS ABOUT TO FLATTEN ME! I YELLED FOR HELP---AND YOU CAME!
SOMETHIN' FUNNY'S GOIN' ON! THINGS ARE ALL MIXED UP!
JOAN'S VOICE--- COME ON!
HELP!
OUCH! TAKE IT EASY! I'M NOT BLUE BEETLE, YOU KNOW!
NO ONE'S HERE! YET THE CALL CAME FROM HERE! THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED WITH JOAN!
THERE THEY ARE! PULLING JOAN INTO THAT CAR!
THEY'LL GET AWAY BEFORE WE CAN GET TO THE ELEVATOR OF THIS BUILDING!
WE DON'T NEED AN ELEVATOR--- IT'S AN EASY LEAP!
(GULP!) THERE GOES MY INSIDES!
WE MADE IT!
SURE! WITHOUT MY STOMACH!

HEY! WHERE YOU GOIN'
GUARD THE ROOF, MIKE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DOORS!
THIS'LL STOP 'EM!
WHAT GOES? WHAT IS THIS? UGH!
THAT'S DONE! NOW TO FIND OUT FROM JOAN WHAT'S GOING ON!
I---I'M ALL MIXED UP, TOO! I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT HERE--OR--
I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, BLUE BEETLE!
IT'S TOMORROW! YESTERDAY GOT LOST BECAUSE THE TIME-MACHINE STOLE 24 HOURS FROM THE CALENDAR.
SPECIAL EMERGENCY CALL FROM STATE STREET! THEY NEED YOUR HELP!
O.K. MIKE! LET'S GO! MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR, GET THOSE 24 HOURS BACK!

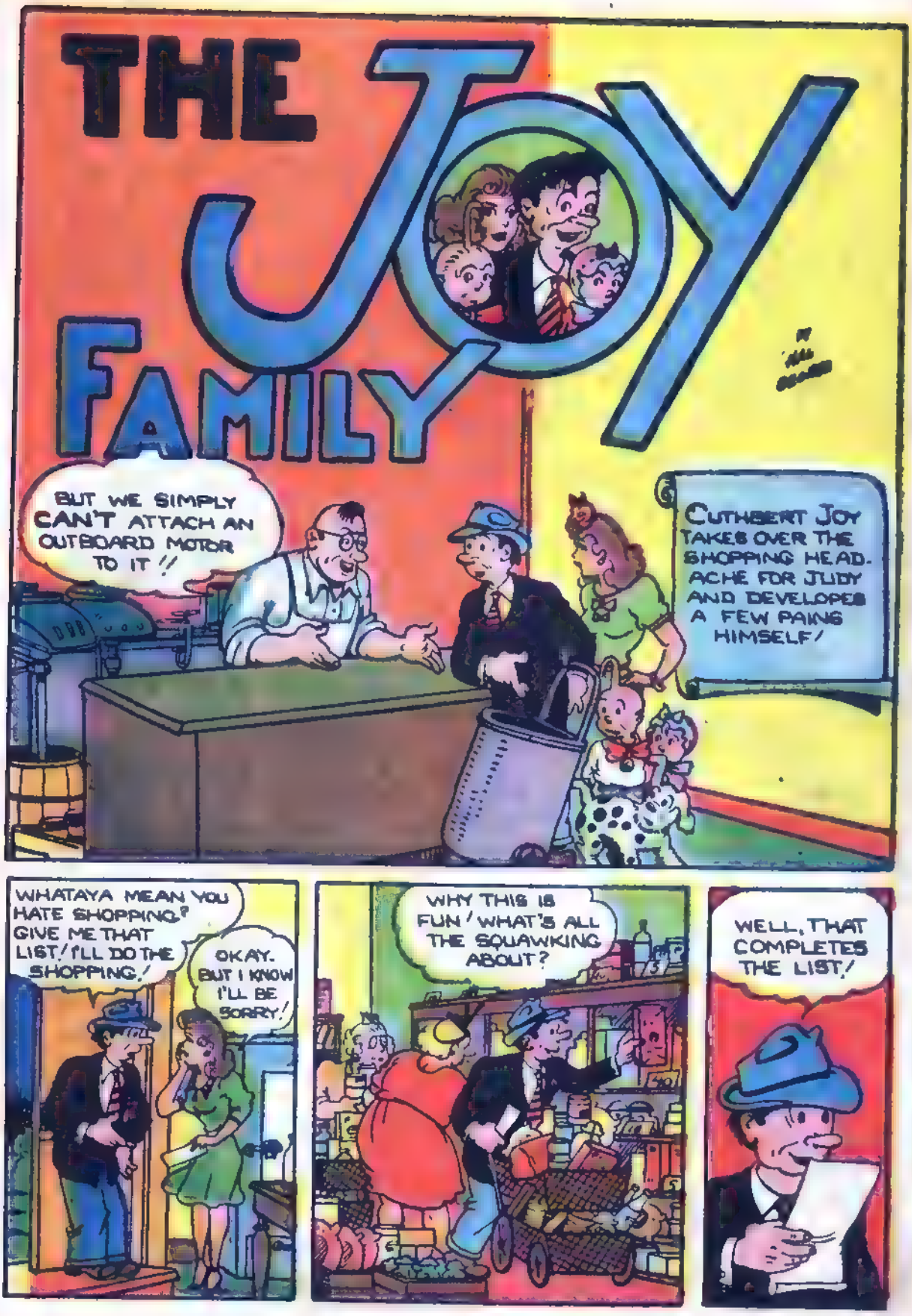
WONDER WHAT'S WRONG, NOW?
PLENTY! LOOK THERE!
POLICE
HELP!
HELP!
I'M SINKING INTO THE PAVEMENT! - - -
OH!
I DON'T GET IT! THE CEMENT HAD ALL DAY YESTERDAY TO HARDEN!
NO WONDER! YESTERDAY WAS LOST! AND TODAY IS TOMORROW! WOW! I'M GETTING LIKE THE PROFESSOR!
YOU'LL BE OUT IN A JIFFY! THERE!
GEE, THANKS!
HELP! HELP!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MADAM! EASY DOES IT!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY PULLING ME OUT OF MY SHOES?
IT WAS THE CEMENT! NOT ME! BUT COMING UP! ONE PAIR OF SHOES FOR MADAM!

WHEW! I WOULDN'T LIKE TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!
LISTEN-- ANOTHER EMERGENCY!
IT'S FROM THE GOVERNMENT SHIPYARDS!
WE'LL MAKE BETTER TIME IF I LEAP THERE WITH THE CAR! HOLD ON!
NO WONDER THEY RANG AN EMERGENCY! LOOK BELOW!
ONLY HALF THE SHIP IS SLIPPING DOWN THE WAYS!
WITHOUT THE OTHER HALF IT'LL SINK!
HEY! SHE'S SPLIT IN TWO, WE'LL SINK!
IT'S UNCANNY! THE WELDING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FINISHED YESTERDAY! NOTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
I'LL HAVE TO PUT THE SHIP TOGETHER BEFORE SHE SINKS! ANOTHER CASE OF SOMETHING NOT DONE BECAUSE YESTERDAY SHOULD HAVE BEEN TODAY--NOT TOMORROW! GET WHAT I MEAN?
FRANKLY, NO!

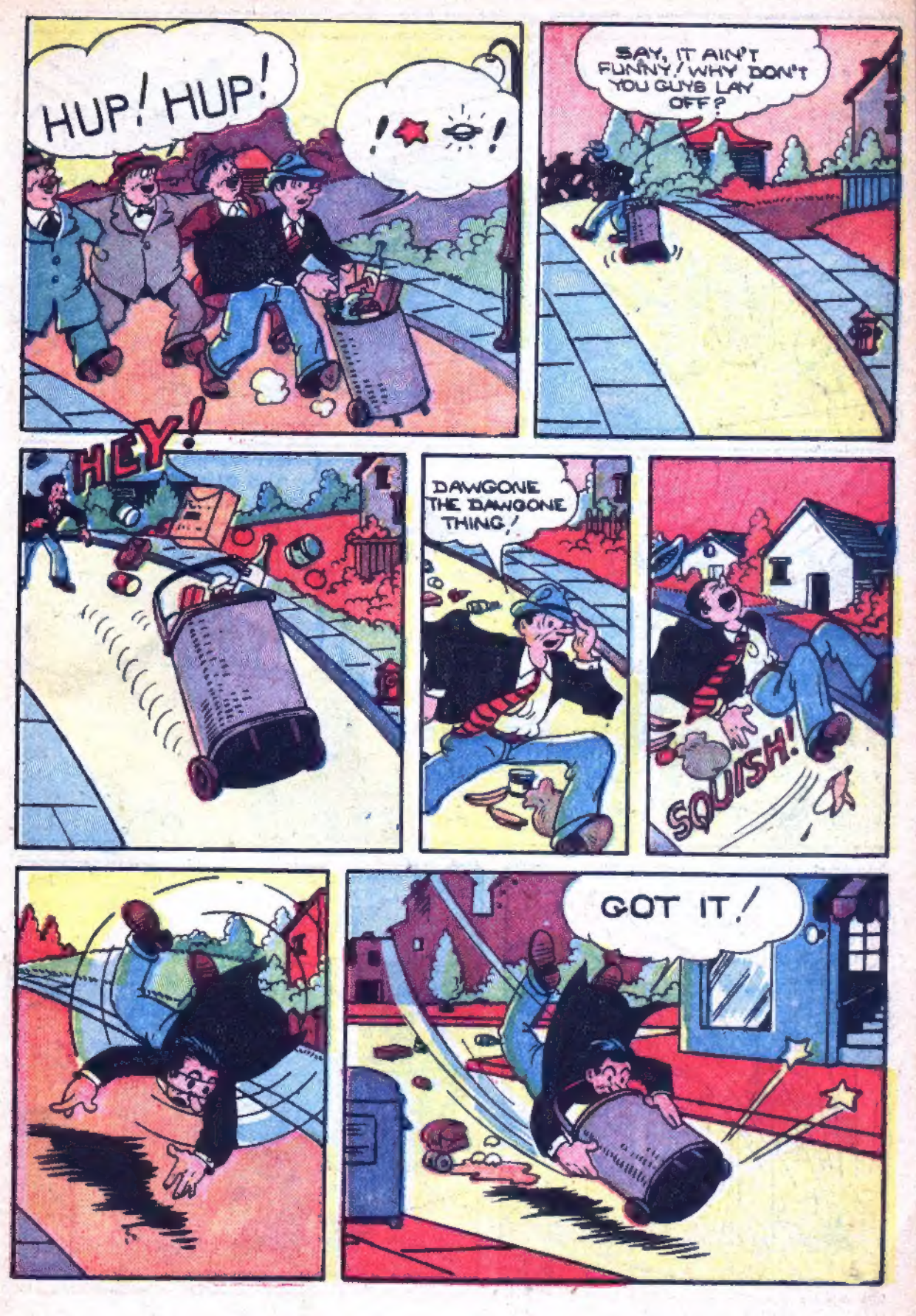

WE'RE GOING TO SINK!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! I'M LEAVING THE CAR HERE! I'LL BE BACK!
I AIN'T GOT MY WATER WINGS!
DON'T WORRY! BLUE BEETLE WON'T LET YOU GET YOUR FEET WET!
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! WE CAN YET SAVE THE SHIP! IF I CAN GET BACK FAST ENOUGH WITH THE HALF THAT'S STILL ON THE WAYS!
15
14
13
12
I CHRISTEN THEE "SURPRISE"!
THIS IS A DAY OF SURPRISES!
THAT'S THE FASTEST SHIPBUILDING JOB IN THE WORLD!
HURRAH FOR BLUE BEETLE!
I GUESS THAT FINISHES THE DAY'S WORK!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU! LOOK UP THERE!
PCT

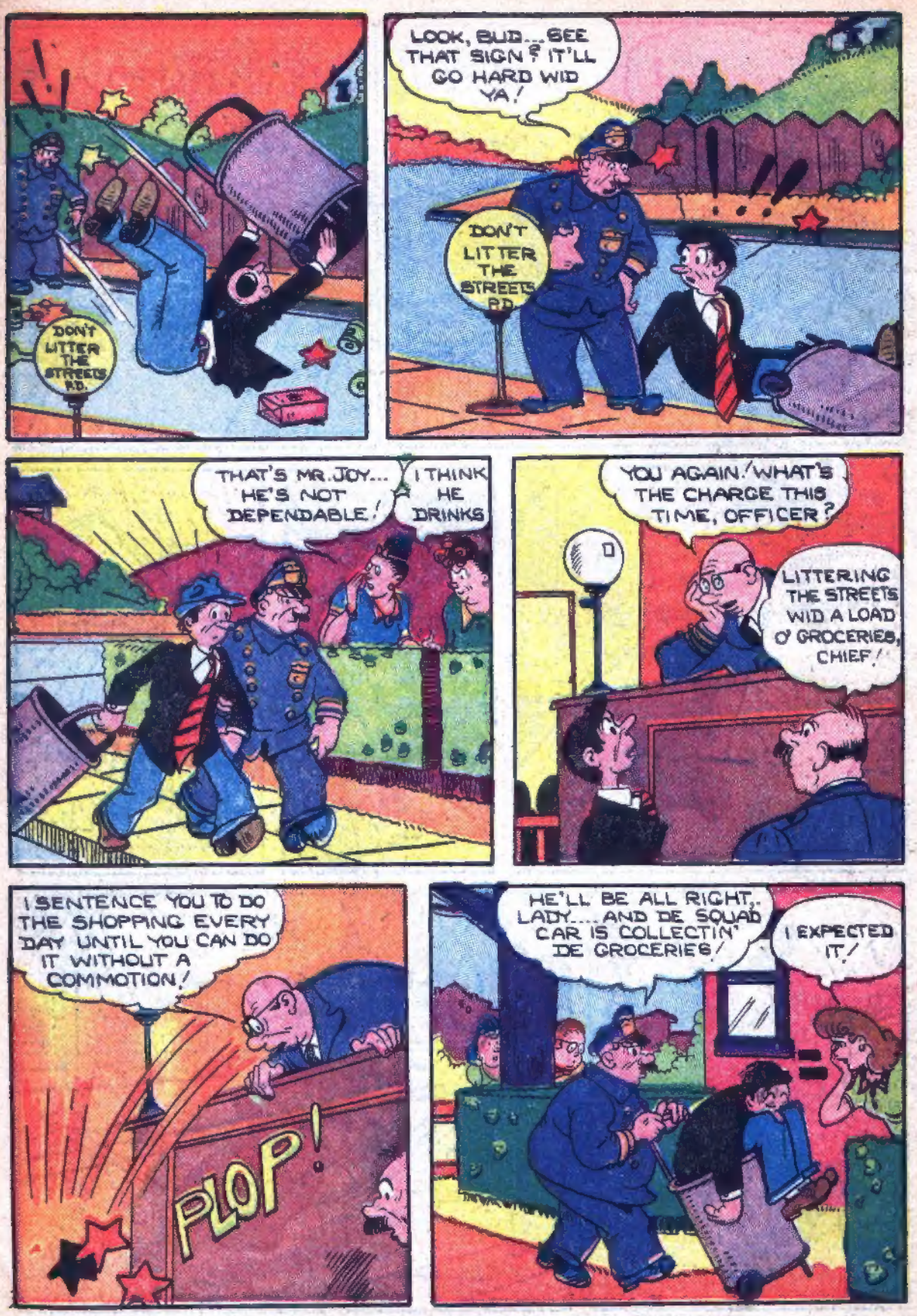
HELP! HELP!
HOW'LL WE EVER GET DOWN?
WE'RE BEING LIFTED HIGHER AND HIGHER!
I KNOW! SOMETHING TO HAVE BEEN DONE YESTERDAY WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN TODAY, BUT IS TOMORROW, BECAUSE OF THE TIME-MACHINE!
THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! YESTERDAY THIS BALLOON WAS TO HAVE BEEN WEIGHTED DOWN SO IT WOULD STAY AGROUD WITH US IN TODAY'S PARADE-- BUT--
I UNDER-STAND!
IT'S SAFE TO COME ON THE ROOF NOW!
OH THANK YOU!
YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!
IT'S ABOUT TIME! I CALLED ON THE PROFESSOR TO SEE IF HE RECOVERED THE 24 HOURS STOLEN BY THE TIME-MACHINE!
WELL, PROFESSOR? HOW'D I GET MIXED UP IN THAT PIANO FACTORY FIGHT!
YOU'LL SEE! THE TIME MACHINE IS RETURNING THE DAY IT STOLE! TODAY WILL BECOME TOMORROW AND YESTERDAY, TODAY AND---
PUFF! BANG!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? OH--- BUT NOW IT'S TODAY---AND I'M DAN GARRET AGAIN! BUT HOW DID I GET INTO THAT PIANO FACTORY? WHY--THE PEOPLE DUCKING BULLETS!
BANG
BANG!
MIKE AND JOAN! CAPTIVES IN THAT GANGSTER CAR! I BETTER STOP FIRING, I MIGHT HIT THEM! THIS IS A JOB FOR BLUE BEETLE!
I'LL DUCK IN HERE AND CHANGE INTO BLUE BEETLE!
THAT CAR IS GOING TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING! I'LL LEAP UP TO IT AND---
THEY JUST WENT INTO THAT PIANO FACTORY! I'LL HOP THROUGH A WINDOW AND SURPRISE THEM!
PIANO WAREHOUSE CO
SING 'IM TO SLEEP WITH YOUR TOMMYGUNS!
SO YOU WANT TO PLAY MUSICAL GAMES!
OH--HO! SO THIS IS HOW IT ALL HAPPENED!


THE JOY FAMILY
BUT WE SIMPLY CAN'T ATTACH AN OUTBOARD MOTOR TO IT!!
CUTHBERT JOY TAKES OVER THE SHOPPING HEADACHE FOR JUDY AND DEVELOPES A FEW PAINS HIMSELF!
WHATAYA MEAN YOU HATE SHOPPING? GIVE ME THAT LIST! I'LL DO THE SHOPPING!
OKAY. BUT I KNOW I'LL BE SORRY!
WHY THIS IS FUN! WHAT'S ALL THE SQUAWKING ABOUT?
WELL, THAT COMPLETES THE LIST!

DELIVER IT, PLEASE!
DID I HEAR YOU SAY DELIVER?
HQ.O.o.o! DELIVER IT PLEASE, HE SAYS!
OKAY, SISTER.. WRAP IT UP!
DAWGONE.. IT WEIGHS A TON!
SQUEEK SQUEEK!
?
LADY, CAN YA TELL ME WHERE I CAN BUY ONE OF THOSE CARTS?
SELL YOU THIS ONE.. WE BOUGHT A FARM!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?
LET OUT YA CLUTCH, JOY! HA-A-A!
GOT A DRIVING LICENSE FOR THAT BUS, CUTHBERT?
HOW MUCH ON A GALLON?
!


HUP! HUP!
!★👁!
SAY, IT AIN'T FUNNY! WHY DON'T YOU GUYS LAY OFF?
HEY!
DAWGONE THE DAWGONE THING!
SQUISH!
GOT IT!


DON'T LITTER THE STREETS P.D.
LOOK, BUD... SEE THAT SIGN? IT'LL GO HARD WID YA!
DON'T LITTER THE STREETS P.D.
THAT'S MR. JOY... HE'S NOT DEPENDABLE!
I THINK HE DRINKS
YOU AGAIN! WHAT'S THE CHARGE THIS TIME, OFFICER?
LITTERING THE STREETS WID A LOAD O' GROCERIES, CHIEF!
I SENTENCE YOU TO DO THE SHOPPING EVERY DAY UNTIL YOU CAN DO IT WITHOUT A COMMOTION!
PLOP!
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, LADY... AND DE SQUAD CAR IS COLLECTIN' DE GROCERIES!
I EXPECTED IT!

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Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

VETS write in date of discharge.....

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MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS

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ELECTRONIC TWO-WAY WALKIE-TALKIE

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RADIUM DIAL POCKET WATCH

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TABLE TENNIS SET

VANITY SET

PRESSURE COOKER

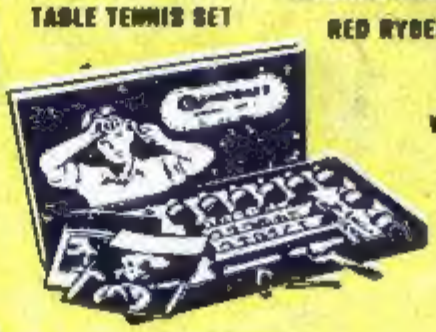
RED RYDER CARBINE

ROLLER SKATES

JET ENGINE PLANE FLIES 600 FEET!

WALKING DOLL

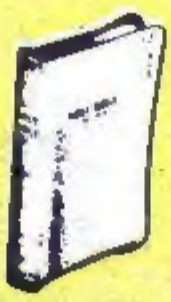
HUNTING KNIFE AND AX



CHEMISTRY SET

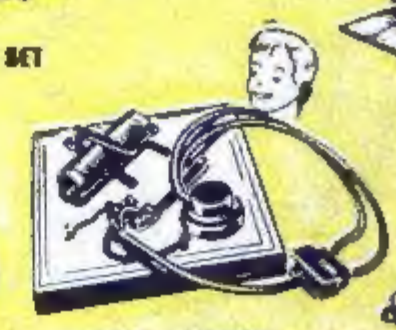
WOODBURNING SET

TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER BIBLE

UKELELE WITH ARTHUR GODFREY PLATES



RADIO RECEIVING SET FOR SCOUTS

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We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

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Rush your name and address on coupon and we will ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send $6.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE!

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EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. L-109, 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

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STREET or RFD .....

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